

ATLAS
STRANGE STORIES
OF SUSPENSE

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STRANGE STORIES OF SUSPENSE



IN THIS SUSPENSE-PACKED ISSUE:
"WHAT THE
MIRROR
REVEALED!"

"WE'LL RIPPLE YOUR BODY WITH MUSCLES and LOAD T-N-T IN YOUR FISTS"

Say **JOE LOUIS** and **BOB COUSY**



Playmaker Bob builds up your stamina... no matter what your size!



Let Champions give you power and confidence...they promise solid new muscles in ten days

I wish you could come with Bob and me to Lou Stillman's famous training headquarters... see for yourself how the Champions build their bodies and keep physically fit. It's easy to do and lots of fun!

Are you fat and flabby? Watch Ted Kluszewski show his surefire method to remove fat. Tired and nervous? See Kid Gavilan's tested plan to liven you up. Want powerful shoulders? Doak Walker has a proven body builder that gives you results... **FAST!**

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Sincerely,

Joe Louis

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- Fat and Flabby
- Always Being Picked On?

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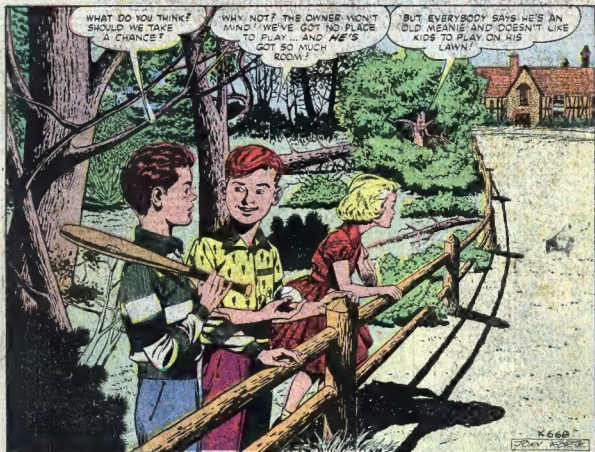
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The CHANGELING

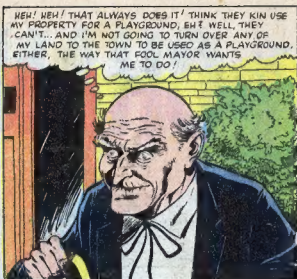




YOU SEE? WHAT DID I TELL YOU?

HE'S A MEAN MAGICIAN!

OH... HE **CAN'T** CHANGE US INTO SCARECROWS! HE'S JUST SAYING THAT TO SCARE US!



HEH! HEH! THAT ALWAYS DOES IT! I THINK THEY KIN USE MY PROPERTY FOR A PLAYGROUND, EH? WELL, THEY CAN'T... AND I'M NOT GOING TO TURN OVER ANY OF MY LAND TO THE TOWN TO BE USED AS A PLAYGROUND. EITHER, THE WAY THAT FOOL MAYOR WANTS ME TO DO!

BUT THE NEXT DAY, THE THREE CHILDREN RETURNED TO THE SCENE...



NOW DON'T FORGET WHAT YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO DO!

ALL RIGHT... BUT YOU'RE TAKING AN AWFUL CHANCE, WALLY! I STILL BELIEVE HE CAN DO WHAT HE SAYS!

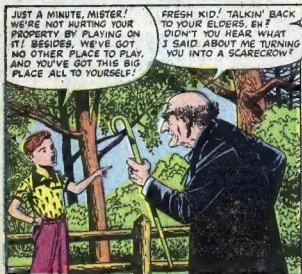


WELL, **I DON'T!** LOOK OUT! BE READY! HERE HE COMES!



BACK AGAIN, EH? SCAT BEFORE I CHANGE YOU INTO SCARECROWS! GO ON!

HURRY AND GET THE STUFF AND COME RIGHT BACK! I'LL STALL HIM!



JUST A MINUTE, MISTER! WE'RE NOT HURTING YOUR PROPERTY BY PLAYING ON IT! BESIDES, WE'VE GOT NO OTHER PLACE TO PLAY, AND YOU'VE GOT THIS BIG PLACE ALL TO YOURSELF!

FRESH KID! TALKIN' BACK TO YOUR ELDERS, EH? DIDN'T YOU HEAR WHAT I SAID ABOUT ME TURNING YOU INTO A SCARECROW?



SURE, I HEARD! BUT I **DON'T BELIEVE IT!** AND IF YOU DON'T LET US PLAY ON YOUR LAWN, SOMETHING MIGHT HAPPEN TO YOU! AND NOT TO US KIDS!

OH! THREATENING ME, EH? NOW I WILL CHANGE YOU INTO A SCARECROW!

I HOPE I CAN SCARE HIM! I **CAN'T** CHANGE ANY BODY INTO A SCARECROW!





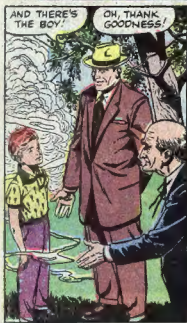
YOU JUST DON'T KNOW HOW TO HANDLE BOYS, MR. MILES! YOU SHOULD TALK TO THEM NICELY... AND THEY'LL DO ANYTHING YOU ASK 'EM TO! FOR INSTANCE, IF YOU PROMISED THIS BOY THAT YOU'D TURN THE PROPERTY OVER AS A PLAYGROUND... WHY, HE MIGHT CHANGE BACK FROM A SCARECROW!

ALL RIGHT! I PROMISE ANYTHING... ONLY CHANGE BACK, BOY, PLEASE!



IT'S WORKING! THERE'S THAT CLOUD OF SMOKE AGAIN!

SO IT IS!



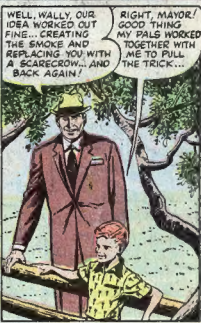
AND THERE'S THE BOY!

OH, THANK GOODNESS!



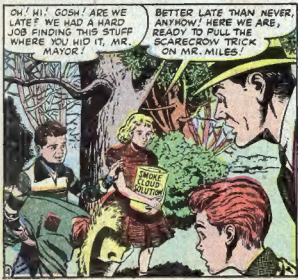
"THANK GOODNESS" IS RIGHT, MR. MILES... THE **GOODNESS** THAT PROMPTED YOU TO TURN YOUR IDLE PROPERTY INTO A PLAYGROUND! YOU WON'T GO BACK ON YOUR WORD NOW!

NOT AT ALL! I'M JUST SO GLAD TO SEE THAT BOY AGAIN!



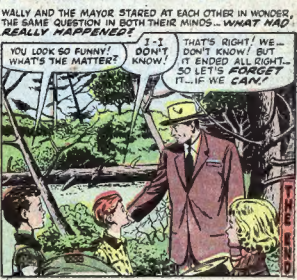
WELL, WALLY, OUR IDEA WORKED OUT FINE... CREATING THE SMOKE AND REPLACING YOU WITH A SCARECROW... AND BACK AGAIN!

RIGHT, MAYOR! GOOD THING MY PALS WORKED TOGETHER WITH ME TO PULL THE TRICK...



OH! HI! GOSH! ARE WE LATE? WE HAD A HARD JOB FINDING THIS STUFF WHERE YOU HID IT, MR. MAYOR!

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER, ANYHOW! HERE WE ARE, READY TO PULL THE SCARECROW TRICK ON MR. MILES!



WALLY AND THE MAYOR STARED AT EACH OTHER IN WONDER, THE SAME QUESTION IN BOTH THEIR MINDS... **WHAT HAD REALLY HAPPENED?**

YOU LOOK SO FUNNY! WHAT'S THE MATTER?

I-I DON'T KNOW!

THAT'S RIGHT! WE... DON'T KNOW! BUT IT ENDED ALL RIGHT... SO LET'S **FORGET** IT... IF WE **CAN**!

THE END

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READ WHAT USERS SAY!



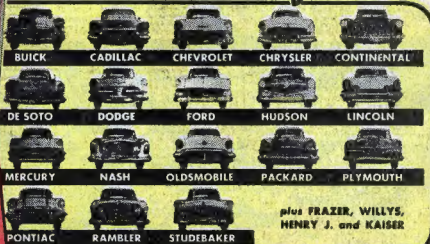
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—GENE ARNOLD, Iowa



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BLINKY CORBIN AND LEW GOLDEN WERE IVORY HUNTERS! AND BLINKY KEPT HIS WORD WHEN HE VOWED NEVER TO REST UNTIL HE GOT TO THE BOTTOM OF...

THE SECRET OF THE GRAVEYARD!



ALL DAY, THE TWO IVORY HUNTERS WORKED UNTIL THEY HAD DUG A DEEP PITFALL...

DO YOU THINK IT'LL WORK, BLINKY?

SURE! YOU COVER IT UP AND I'LL BRING NWALGI!



AS NIGHT STARTED TO FALL OVER THE JUNGLE, BLINKY RUSHED UP TO CHIEF NWALGI'S HUT, AND...

NWALGI! I COULDN'T STOP MY PARTNER! HE'S STEALING THE IVORY FROM YOUR THRONE!

I WILL STOP HIM!



LOOK! YOU! DO NOT TOUCH THE THRONE OF THE ELEPHANT CHIEF!



BUT AS NWALGI RUSHED AT LEW GOLDEN TO STOP HIM...



LET'S TALK, NWALGI! YOU MAKE US A MAP AND WE'LL GET YOU OUT OF THERE!

MY WARRIORS WILL GET ME OUT!



NOT UNTIL THEY MISS YOU! YOU KNOW THE ANIMALS PROWL AT NIGHT! THEY'LL FIND YOU FIRST, NWALGI!

YES! YOU ARE RIGHT! NWALGI WILL MAKE A MAP! BUT YOU WILL BE SORRY!



QUICKLY THE CHIEF SKETCHED ROUGH DIRECTIONS TO THE ELEPHANTS' GRAVEYARD! BUT BLINKY WAS RELUCTANT TO KEEP HIS END OF THE BARGAIN...

THIS LITTLE MAP WILL LEAD US TO A FORTUNE IN IVORY, LEW! MAYBE WE OUGHT TO LET NWALGI GET OUT OF THERE HIMSELF!

NO, BLINKY! WHY LET THE ANIMALS GET HIM? HE HELPED US... I'M GOING TO PULL HIM UP!



LEW BOLDEN PULLED NWALGI OUT OF THE PIT AND THE TWO IVORY HUNTERS STARTED OUT FOR THE FABULOUS ELEPHANTS' GRAVEYARD... THE MYSTERIOUS PLACE SOMEWHERE IN AFRICA WHERE ALL ELEPHANTS GO TO DIE, ACCORDING TO FOLKLORE...



MAYBE WE SHOULD MAKE CAMP FOR THE NIGHT, BLINKY! I'M WORN OUT!

THINK OF THAT MOUNTAIN OF IVORY WAITING FOR US, LEW! WE'LL STOP, BUT WE'LL GET STARTED AGAIN EARLY!



SO EARLY THE NEXT MORNING, THEY RESUMED THE QUEST...

IT'S NOT TOO FAR, LEW! THIS IS THE BIGGEST BREAK OF OUR LIVES!

I HOPE NWALGI'S WARRIORS ARE NOT FOLLOWING US!



ALL DAY, THEY PUSHED ON THROUGH THE TANGLED JUNGLE! THEN, AS THEY ENTERED A CLEARING...



AND AS SWARMS OF INSECTS WORRIED THEM, LEW BOLDEN STARTED TO WEAKEN...

MAYBE WE SHOULD GO BACK AND TACKLE THIS THING WITH MORE HELP, BLINKY! WE DON'T KNOW WHAT'S UP AHEAD!

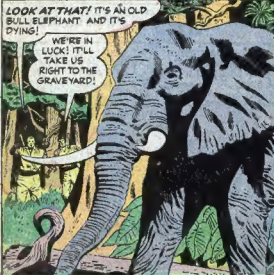
AND SHARE THE IVORY WITH OTHERS? NO! I DON'T CARE WHAT'S AHEAD! NOTHING IS GOING TO STOP ME! NOTHING!



FOR DAYS, LEW AND BLINKY HACKED THEIR WAY THROUGH THE TREACHEROUS JUNGLE, AND THEN...

LOOK AT THAT! IT'S AN OLD BULL ELEPHANT AND IT'S DYING!

WE'RE IN LUCK! IT'LL TAKE US RIGHT TO THE GRAVEYARD!



ALL DAY THEY FOLLOWED THE OLD ELEPHANT, AS IT STUMBLED AND FELL, ONLY TO GET UP AND KEEP GOING TOWARD ITS FINAL RESTING PLACE...

IT'S HEADING RIGHT FOR THE SPOT MARKED X ON THE MAP! NWALGI MADE A TRUE MAP!

YEAH! BUT I'VE GOT A FUNNY FEELING, BLINKY! LIKE SOMEONE IS WATCHING US!



IT'S HEADING FOR THAT CAVE! THAT'S IT, LEW! INSIDE THAT CAVE IS... **THE ELEPHANTS' GRAVEYARD!**



BUT AS THE TWO MEN RUSHED FOR THE CAVE, A WARRIOR FROM NVALGI'S TRIBE STEPPED SUDDENLY OUT OF THE JUNGLE...

STOP! NVALGI SENT ME TO GIVE YOU A LAST CHANCE! DO **NOT** ENTER THE CAVE!

WHAT! GET OUT OF OUR WAY! I INTEND TO GET THAT **IVORY!**



BUT THE WARRIOR WOULD NOT MOVE...

IF YOU WON'T MOVE... **I'LL MOVE YOU!**

NO, BLINKY! DON'T DO IT! WE CAN COME BACK WITH MORE HELP!



YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT, BLINKY! NVALGI WILL NEVER REST UNTIL YOU PAY FOR IT!

FORGET NVALGI! LET'S GET THAT **IVORY!**



DON'T GO IN THERE ALONE, BLINKY!

GET AWAY! I CAN'T SEE THAT ELEPHANT... IT WENT IN THERE AND NOW I CAN'T FIND IT!



DON'T GO IN THERE, BLINKY! I KNOW NOW WHY NO ONE EVER FOUND THE ELEPHANTS' GRAVEYARD... **WAIT!**

SHUT UP! NO ONE'S CHEATING ME OUT OF MY IVORY! I'M GOING IN!



BLINKY CORBIN RUSHED INTO THE ELEPHANTS' GRAVEYARD... AND BEFORE HE COULD REACT TO HIS PARTNER'S WARNING... **IT WAS TOO LATE!**

BLINKY, YOU FOOL! THE **FLOOR** OF THE CAVE... **IT'S QUICKSAND!**



POUF!



ON HIS way home from school, Charlie Smith had stopped in at the dime store to see if he could buy his mother a present for her birthday. He wandered around the counters anxiously. For the quarter in his pocket, the only thing that looked good was a rubber baseball. Even for a regular gal like mom, that wouldn't be right, he decided sadly.

The drugstore window displayed some fancy perfume bottles. Too expensive, Charlie realized. He was about to settle for a fancy birthday card, when he saw a truck pull up in front of Mike's Second Hand store down the street.

He ran as fast as his legs would take him. Mike was already at the curb helping the driver unload a battered bureau from the van.

"Whatta matter, sonny?" Mike asked. After all these years, Mike still called him "sonny." "You want to buy a couple rooms of furniture cheap?"

"I need twenty-five cents worth," Charlie said seriously.

"I couldn't even sell you this handle from a chest of drawers for that kind of dough," Mike told him glumly.

"Hold on there, kid," the truck driver called. A friendly smile brightened his tanned face. "One of these chests I picked up this morning sounded as if it was loaded with marbles when I drove off with it. Two bits for the lot, sight unseen."

"How do I know it's worth it?" asked Charlie skeptically.

"There's the smart business man of the future," Mike admired, patting his head. "Always see what you're buying, sonny. I keep telling them that when they call me on the tele-

phone. How much is it worth, they ask. Such silliness? Can I tell without looking? Okay, Joe . . . dig up those marbles in a hurry."

Joe jumped into the back of the truck and appeared a few moments later shaking his head in amazement.

"It sure made a racket like marbles, but it's just a cheap perfume squirter someone was too lazy to throw away. Here, kid. catch!"

Charlie's hands cupped a round bottle with a spray attached to it.

"An atomizer!" he exclaimed happily.

"These kids today are smart," said Mike, "You say squirter, but to him it's an atomizer. Do you know what an atom is, sonny?"

"Oh, this has nothing to do with atoms," Charlie reassured him. "That's just a name for it. Here's my quarter."

"No, no quarter," Mike insisted, rejecting the coin. "To me it's been an education. Keep the perfume bottle with my compliments."

Charlie stuffed the bottle in his school bag and started homeward. On the way he purchased a spectacular birthday card with fancy ribbons and flowers on it and the word MOTHER glittering gold across the front of the card.

"I've got some shopping to do, Charlie," his mother said after helping him to milk and cookies. "I'll be back in an hour. Want to come along?"

"I'll stay home," said Charlie angelically. He tried hard to keep his mouth from twisting into a tell-tale grin. He needed time to polish up the bottle for present-giving that night.

He dug out the bottle from

his school bag as soon as he heard his mother leave the house. It was a queer looking thing, Charlie decided. He examined it closely and held it to the light.

Although it appeared to be made of glass, it was lined with a thin metal casing, like a dull silver. He shook it and was quite surprised to hear the gurgling sound of liquid in the container. Funny, he thought, sniffing at the cap of the bottle. It didn't smell at all like perfume. He tried unscrewing the top, but it wouldn't budge.

Just then the doorbell rang, and his friend Will walked into the house.

"How about some football practice in the back yard?" he asked.

Charlie was tempted, but he managed to shake his head and refuse.

"I'm working on a surprise for my mother's birthday," he explained.

"Say, that's a strange looking contraption," said Will.

"It's a perfume atomizer," Charlie explained proudly. "I'm trying to get the top off so I can spill out the junk left inside of it."

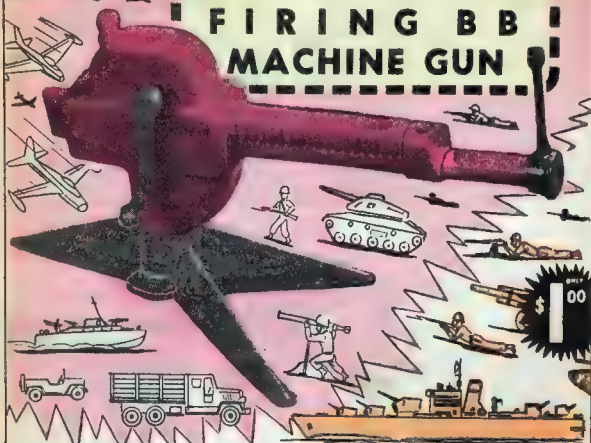
"Let me try," said Will eagerly. He strained with all his might, but the top wouldn't twist off.

"Say, I've got an idea," said Charlie. "I can spray some off and maybe that'll help."

He held the bottle away from him and sprayed into the kitchen. There was a brief whistling pof . . . and there was the stove! That is, in one lovely filmy haze it disappeared right before their startled eyes. The next minute, Charlie felt Will's hand clutching his. The boys stared at each other. Charlie

CONTINUED BEFORE LAST STOP

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A GIRL IS MISSING! A YOUNG MAN IS MISSING! A BRILLIANT SCIENTIST SUFFERS A MEMORY BLANK! THE CASE WAS NEVER SOLVED! THE GIRL AND THE MAN WERE NEVER FOUND, THE BLANK IN THE PROFESSOR'S MIND NEVER RESTORED BUT THE STORY THAT LED TO ALL THIS, IS ONE OF STRANGE SUSPENSE! THIS IS HOW IT REALLY HAPPENED...

THE BLANK!



...AND YOU SAY YOUR NIECE AND YOUR ASSISTANT ARE MISSING? DID ANYTHING ELSE HAPPEN, PROFESSOR? YOU SEEM KIND OF DAZED!

I DON'T KNOW! I SEEM TO HAVE FORGOTTEN SOMETHING! FORGOTTEN WHAT EXPERIMENT I WAS WORKING ON! THERE SEEM TO BE BLANK SPOTS IN MY MIND!



DESCRIBE THE GIRL, PLEASE! HER NAME IS DORA MARSH?

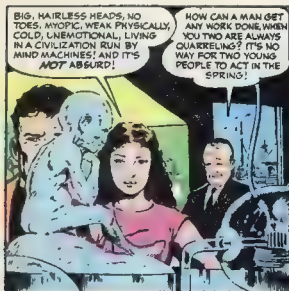
YES, MY BROTHER'S DAUGHTER! SHE HAD A FINE MIND! A STUDENT OF APPLIED GENETICS, SHE ENVISIONED THE MAN OF THE FUTURE AND WROTE MANY ARTICLES ABOUT HER THEORY!

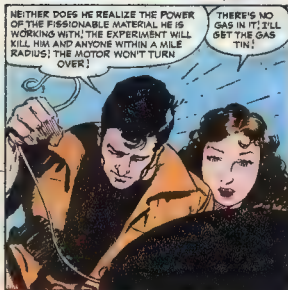
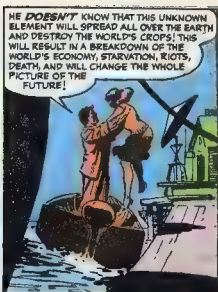
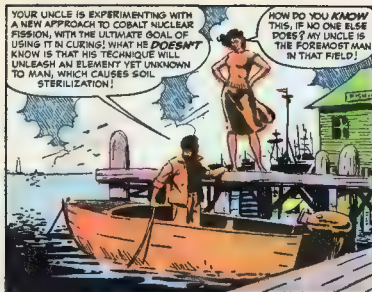


YES, SHE WAS A VERY PRETTY GIRL AND TO LEE TATE, PROFESSOR MARSH'S ASSISTANT, SHE WAS MORE THAN JUST THAT...

I READ ONE OF YOUR STORIES LAST NIGHT! INTERESTING, EVEN THOUGH ABSURD! HOW DO YOU KNOW MAN WILL BE THAT WAY?

LIKE IN MY STORIES AND THIS STATUE? APPLIED GENETICS AND CORRELATION OF KNOWN FACTS, THE TREND OF MAN-MADE ENVIRONMENT, AND SO FORTH!





THEY WERE CLOSE ENOUGH TO BE HEARD! LEE CALLED LOUDLY!

PROFESSOR MARSH! DON'T PULL THAT SWITCH!

HE'S SO ABSORBED IN WHAT HE'S DOING, HE DOESN'T HEAR!

THE PROFESSOR'S HAND WENT TO THE SWITCH! A SLIGHT PRESSURE OF HIS HAND, AND...

WHY...WHERE DID YOU COME FROM? WHY DID YOU STOP ME?

PROFESSOR, LOOK INTO MY EYES! YOU WILL GO TO SLEEP! WHEN YOU AWAKE, YOU WILL BE BACK IN YOUR LAB! YOU WILL **FORGET** ABOUT THIS EXPERIMENT... IT WILL BE ERASED FOREVER FROM YOUR MIND!

YOU HYPNOTIZED HIM, LEE! YOU'RE NOT WHAT YOU SEEM TO BE...

NO, I'M NOT! I AM FROM FAR IN THE **FUTURE**! THERE ARE MANY OF US, ON TOURS OF DUTY, TO WATCH AND SPOT THOSE CRUCIAL MOMENTS OF **CHOICE**, WHICH WILL DEFLECT THE FUTURE OF MANKIND! **THIS** WAS ONE OF THEM!

WE HAVE **SCANNERS**, TO LOOK BACK INTO TIME AND SEND MEN LIKE ME, TROUBLE-SHOOTERS OF THE FUTURE, BACK TO THE PAST TO TAKE CARE OF THINGS LIKE THIS! AS SOON AS WE GET YOUR UNCLE BACK, I MUST RETURN TO THE FUTURE... MY JOB HERE IS DONE!

I WANT YOU TO GO WITH ME, AS MY WIFE! YOU'LL LIKE IT! IT'S **NOT** THE FUTURE YOU PICTURED! MAN ENJOYS **BETTER** HEALTH, LIVES LONGER, BUT HE'S NOT BIG-HEADED, BALD OR TOELESS...OR COLD, UNEMOTIONAL! AND HE DOES HIS **OWN** THINKING, SHAPES HIS **OWN** DESTINY!

NO WONDER YOU LAUGHED AT ME! I'M SO GLAD I WAS **WRONG**, DARLING!

THAT'S THE STORY! AND THAT'S WHY A PROFESSOR WITH A BLANK SPOT IN HIS MIND SUMMONED THE POLICE!

WE'LL SEE IF WE CAN LOCATE YOUR NIECE AND THIS TATE FELLOW! SOMETIMES WE CAN, BUT SOMETIMES IT'S AS THOUGH THESE MISSING PERSONS JUST **DISAPPEARED FROM THIS WORLD!**

Free

To Get Names for Our Mailing List

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authentic Mercator projection map, used by air and sea navigators.
- 2 STAMP FINDER**
identifies stamps around the world—no matter how strange their script letters.
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Tells area, location, population, parent country, etc.

IDENTIFY EVEN THE STRANGEST STAMPS—at a glance!

Now, no stamp need puzzle you—no matter how strange it looks. Look at the Oriental script on the enlarged stamp



at right. Now could you possibly tell what country it comes from. But with the stamp identifier at your side—



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GUARANTEED TOTAL VALUE NEARLY \$1.00!

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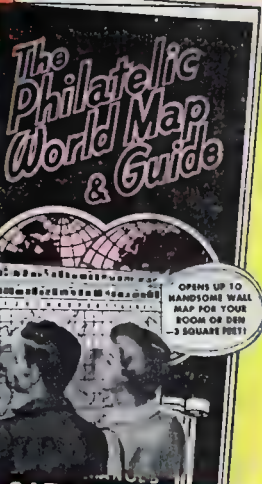
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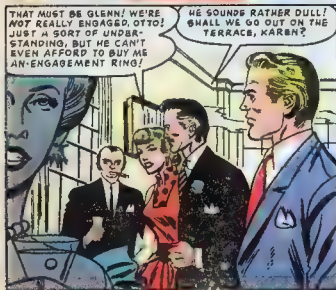
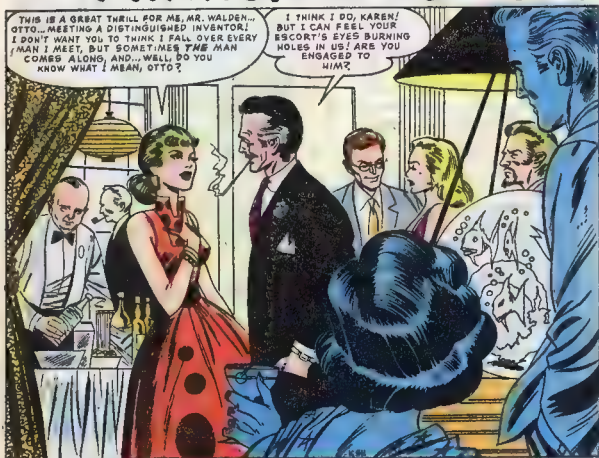
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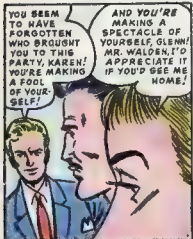
OPENS UP TO HANDSOME WALL MAP FOR YOUR BOOKS OR DESK—3 SQUARE FEET!

TO KAREN, OTTO WALDEN POSSESSED ALL OF THE FINEST VIRTUES OF A SUCCESSFUL MAN! BUT A STRANGE MIRROR BOTH REFLECTED AND SPOKE THE TRUTH ABOUT HER TWO SUITORS, AND EXPOSED THE HIDDEN FEELING DEEP IN KAREN'S HEART!

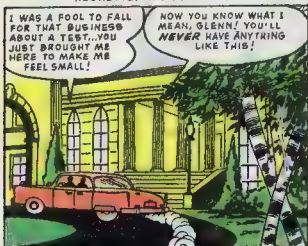
WHAT THE MIRROR REVEALED!



GLENN TREVOR, TREMBLING WITH JEALOUS RAGE, STORMED OUT ONTO THE TERRACE, CARING LITTLE WHO HEARD HIS ANGRY BELLOWING...

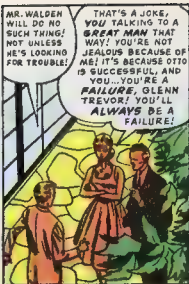


IN HIS MOMENT OF DESPERATION, GLENN COULD HARDLY TURN DOWN THE CHALLENGE... BUT AFTER THEY DROVE TO OTTO WALDEN'S BIG HOME IN HIS EXPENSIVE CAR, GLENN REGRETTED HIS DECISION...



NO WONDER PEOPLE SPEAK OF YOU AS ONE OF THE REALLY GREAT INVENTORS OF OUR TIME, OTTO!

FIRST, WE WILL LOOK INTO MY EARLY LIFE, THEN YOURS, TREVOR, AND WE SHALL SEE WHY YOU'RE NOT DESERVING OF A FINE GIRL LIKE KAREN!



MR. WALDEN WILL DO NO SUCH THING! NOT UNLESS HE'S LOOKING FOR TROUBLE!

THAT'S A JOKE, YOU TALKING TO A GREAT MAN THAT WAY! YOU'RE NOT JEALOUS BECAUSE OF ME! IT'S BECAUSE OTTO IS SUCCESSFUL, AND YOU... YOU'RE A FAILURE, GLENN TREVOR! YOU'LL ALWAYS BE A FAILURE!



I'VE JUST HAD SOME BAD BREAKS, BUT SOMEDAY I'LL MAKE GOOD! YOU KNOW I LOVE YOU... I WANT TO MARRY YOU!

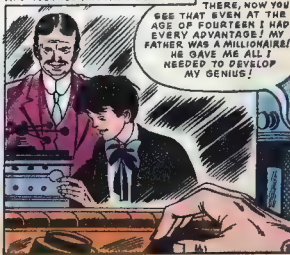
PERHAPS YOU'RE NOT WORTHY OF KAREN! I SUSPECT YOU'RE NOT! WOULD YOU DARE SUBMIT TO A FOOLPROOF TEST? I HAVE HOME, IN MY WORKSHOP, A MOST INGENIOUS INVENTION...

NEVERTHELESS, GLENN ACCOMPANIED THEM INTO OTTO WALDEN'S LABORATORY...



YOU CANNOT SEE A REFLECTION IN THIS ELECTRONICALLY CONTROLLED MIRROR! IT IS NO ORDINARY MIRROR... IT REFLECTS NOT WHAT IS BEFORE IT AT THE MOMENT, BUT THE EARLIER LIFE OF THE MAN WHOSE IMAGE IT BEHOLDS!

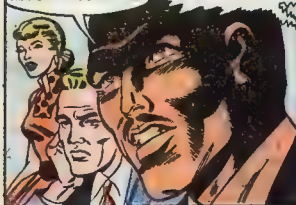
THE INVENTOR PRESSED A BUTTON ON THE ARM OF HIS CHAIR... THE ROOM GREW DARK... HE SET A DIAL AND TOUCHED ANOTHER BUTTON...



THERE, NOW YOU SEE THAT EVEN AT THE AGE OF FOURTEEN I HAD EVERY ADVANTAGE! MY FATHER WAS A MILLIONAIRE! HE GAVE ME ALL I NEEDED TO DEVELOP MY GENIUS!

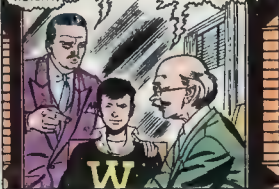
AT SEVENTEEN, I ATTENDED THE BEST SCHOOL FOR THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE TALENT MY FATHER WAS QUICK TO RECOGNIZE! AH, NOW YOU SEE AN AMUSING INCIDENT IN THE OFFICE OF THAT SCHOOL'S DIRECTOR!

I AGREE YOUR SON HAS ABILITY, MR. WALDEN! BUT THAT HARDLY EXCUSES HIM FOR DELIBERATELY DESTROYING THE WORK OF A FELLOW STUDENT!



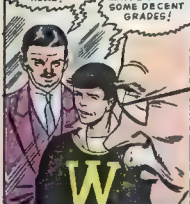
A BOYISH PRANK! SURELY YOU DON'T THINK OTTO TAMPERED WITH THAT BOY'S WORK BECAUSE HE WAS ENVOIOUS OF HIM! MY SON IS FAR BEYOND OTHER BOYS IN ENGINEERING ABILITY!

ACCORDING TO HIS TEACHERS, YOUR OTTO CAN DO NOTHING ORIGINAL! WHAT WORK HE DOES FINISH IS... ER... BORROWED FROM HIS CLASSMATES' IDEAS!



MR. FARROW, JUST THIS MORNING I PURCHASED WITBY PREPARATORY SCHOOL! IN VIEW OF YOUR ATTITUDE, I'M AFRAID WE'LL NO LONGER NEED YOUR SERVICES! HERE!

THANK YOU, DAD! NOW MAYBE I'LL GET SOME DECENT GRADES!



I LEARNED A GOOD LESSON FROM DAD...IF YOU DON'T GET WHAT YOU WANT ONE WAY, BUY IT! AH, NOW THIS SCENE FROM MY LIFE WILL SHOW YOU NOW I PUT THAT LESSON INTO PRACTICE!



BUT, MR. WALDEN... YOU ARE RECEIVING FULL CREDIT FOR MY INVENTION! THAT TELEVISION RECTIFIER-TUBE IS BRINGING YOU HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS OF PROFIT!

TRUE, THE ORIGINAL DESIGN FOR THE TUBES WAS YOURS, BUT I MADE ENOUGH CHANGES TO WARRANT CALLING IT MY INVENTION! MR. PURVIS, I'VE PAID YOU A GOOD WAGE! IF YOU'RE NOT SATISFIED WORKING FOR ME...

PLEASE, MR. WALDEN, I HAVE A FAMILY! I NEED THE JOB...



THE INVENTOR PRESSED A BUTTON ON THE ARM OF HIS CHAIR...THE LIGHTS WENT ON...HIS VOICE WAS FILLED WITH SELF-SATISFACTION...

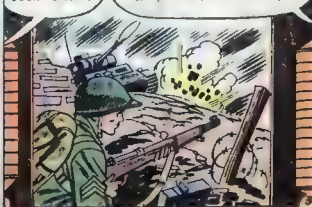
THERE IMMEDIATELY CAME INTO THE MIRROR, REFLECTED FROM HIS MIND THROUGH HIS EYES, A SCENE OF GLENN TREVOR'S NOT-TOO-DISTANT PAST...

NOW, TREVOR, YOU HAVE SEEN THAT MY LIFE HAS ALWAYS BEEN FILLED WITH SUCCESS! SUPPOSE WE TAKE A LOOK AT YOUR LIFE AND SEE IF THERE IS ANYTHING IN IT TO INDICATE YOU'LL EVER BE OTHER THAN A FAILURE!



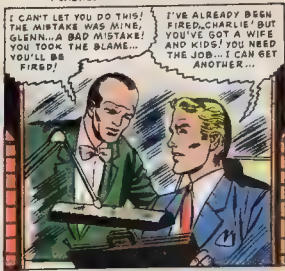
THAT WAS THE KOREAN WAR! I'D JUST AS SOON FORGET!

FORGET THAT YOU WERE A GREAT HERO, TREVOR? OR DID YOU PLAY GOPHER, AND STAY HIDDEN IN YOUR FOXHOLE?

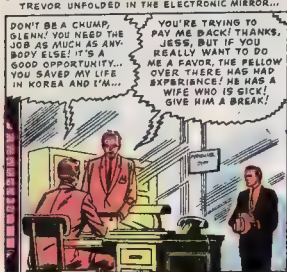




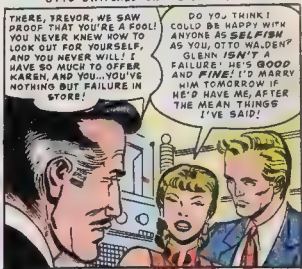
GLENN STARTED AS ANOTHER SCENE OF HIS LIFE
FLASHED ONTO THE SCREEN...



SCENE AFTER SCENE OF SELF-SACRIFICE BY GLENN
TREVOR UNFOLDED IN THE ELECTRONIC MIRROR...



OBVIOUSLY SAT, SPIED THAT HE HAD MADE HIS POINT,
OTTO SWITCHED ON THE LIGHTS...



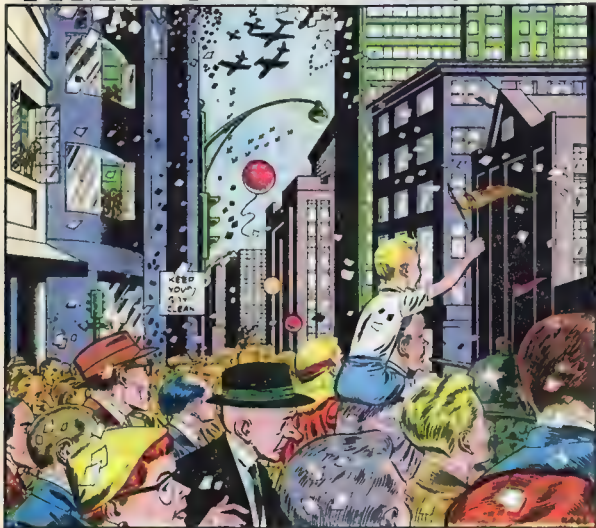
GLENN TREVOR'S FACE LIGHTED
WITH JOY! OTTO WALDEN NO LONGER
SEEMED TO MATTER IN THEIR LIVES...

BUT OTTO WALDEN MATTERED A
GREAT DEAL IN THEIR LIVES...



BANDS PLAYED! IT WAS A MILITARY HOLIDAY AND THERE WAS A PARADE! TO THE CROWD IT WAS COLOR AND PRECISION AND LIVING, MARCHING FAITH IN A GREAT COUNTRY! TO ONE MAN IT MEANT MUCH MORE. OUR STORY IS ABOUT THAT MAN, A MAN WHO LOOKED ORDINARY, ORDINARY ENOUGH, YET WAS NOT ORDINARY. A MAN WHO LOOKED LIKE ANY OTHER MAN IN THE CROWD, YET WAS NOT A MAN!

THEY CAN'T RESIST!



THE MAN QUIETLY BROKE AWAY FROM THE CROWD, AND ONCE CLEAR OF IT, WALKED AWAY RAPIDLY AND WITH PURPOSE.

PRESENTLY HE CAME TO A HOUSE IN A QUIET SUBURB. OTHERS, LIKE HIM, WAITED HERE FOR HIS REPORT.





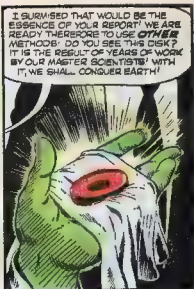
NOW...
YOUR
REPORT,
BARTTCH
RE!

THE MILITARY IS MIGHTY IN
THIS COUNTRY! THE PEOPLE
FEARLESS IN DEFENSE OF
THEIR HOMES AND SINCE THIS
IS THE COUNTRY WHICH MUST
FIRST BE SUBDUED BEFORE
WE CAN CONQUER EARTH,
I DO **NOT** ADVISE DIRECT
ATTACK BY SPACESHIPS
FROM OUR PLANET!

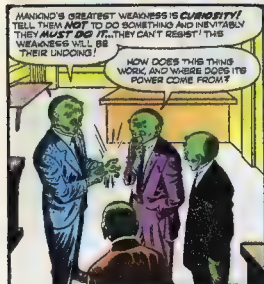


YOU
THINK
WE
COULD
NOT
CONQUER
BY
DIRECT
ATTACK?

NO! WE ARE A SMALL
PLANET! THIS COUNTRY HAS
GREATER MANPOWER THAN
OUR WHOLE PLANET AND IS
EQUAL TO US IN ARMING!
DIRECT ATTACK WOULD
MEAN QUICK FAILURE!

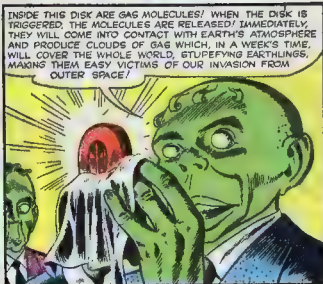


I SURMISED THAT WOULD BE THE
ESSENCE OF YOUR REPORT! WE ARE
READY THEREFORE TO USE **OTHER**
METHODS! DO YOU SEE THIS DISK?
IT IS THE RESULT OF YEARS OF WORK
BY OUR MASTER SCIENTISTS! WITH
IT, WE SHALL CONQUER EARTH!



HUMANITY'S GREATEST WEAKNESS IS **CURIOSITY!**
TELL THEM **NOT** TO DO SOMETHING AND INEVITABLY
THEY **MUST DO IT**... THEY CAN'T RESIST! THIS
WEAKNESS WILL BE
THEIR UNDOING!

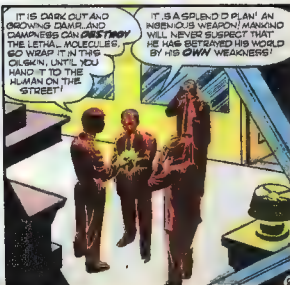
HOW DOES THIS THING
WORK, AND WHERE DOES ITS
POWER COME FROM?



INSIDE THIS DISK ARE GAS MOLECULES! WHEN THE DISK IS
TRIGGERED, THE MOLECULES ARE RELEASED! IMMEDIATELY,
THEY WILL COME INTO CONTACT WITH EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE
AND PRODUCE CLOUDS OF GAS WHICH, IN A WEEK'S TIME,
WILL COVER THE WHOLE WORLD, STUPIDIFYING EARTHLINGS,
MAKING THEM EASY VICTIMS OF OUR INVASION FROM
OUTER SPACE!



WHEN A HUMAN **PEERS** THROUGH THIS **HOLE**, SIGHT
WAVES EMANATING FROM HIS OPTIC NERVES WILL TRIGGER
THE DISK! YOU WILL HAND IT TO A MAN ON THE STREET AND
TELL HIM **NOT** TO LOOK THROUGH THE HOLE! **CURIOSITY**
WILL DO THE REST! HE WILL **NOT** BE ABLE TO RESIST!



IT IS DARK OUT AND
GROWING DAMPER, AND
CAMPINESS CAN **DESTROY**
THE LETHAL MOLECULES,
SO WRAP IT IN THIS
OILSKIN, UNTIL YOU
HAND IT TO THE
HUMAN ON THE
STREET!

IT'S A SILENT PLAN! AN
INGENIOUS WEAPON! MANKIND
WILL NEVER SUSPECT THAT
HE HAS BETRAYED HIS WORLD
BY HIS **OWN** WEAKNESS!

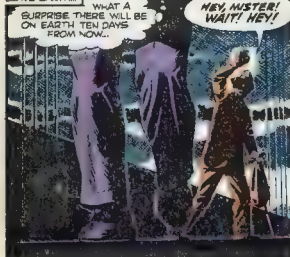
THE ALIEN ADJUSTED HIS MASK AND WENT OUT INTO THE
FOGGY NIGHT THE FATE OF A PLANET IN HIS POCKET!



QUICKLY, HE SLIPPED THE DISK FROM ITS COVERING, MOVED
SILENTLY UP TO THE MAN AND PUT IT IN HIS HAND!



QUICKLY HE SLID AWAY INTO THE DARKNESS AND THE FOG,
HIS JOB DONE! HE AND HIS COMRADES MUST IMMEDIATELY
LEAVE EARTH...



ASKING ME **NOT** TO LOOK THROUGH THE HOLE IN THIS
THING! DOESN'T HE REALIZE... THE CLOCK, ELEVEN O'CLOCK...
TIME FOR THE THEATER CROWD TO BE COMING OUT!



THE DISK IN HIS HAND WAS A NUISANCE!
HE THREW IT OVER THE RAIL, HEARING
IT SPLASH IN THE WATER BELOW.



Men!

It Pays to be TALLER

"WHY BE SHORT"

Read the Revealing Truth about Height!

THE BOOK FOR EVERY MAN WHO WANTS TO BE TALLER

Step out of the shadow of being a short man. Gain new height and self confidence. Now's the time to begin to enjoy the thrill of being taller. Read "Why Be Short". Paul O'Neill's authoritative book on height. Learn how you can gain poise, appear and actually become taller. Read the facts that will enable you to find the key to your own progress and future.

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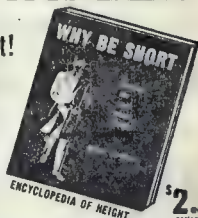
**BE
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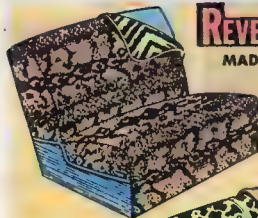
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Dept. B 15 E. 40 St., New York 16, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Enclosed find \$2.00 for a copy of "Why Be Short". I understand that if I am not fully satisfied I may return it for a complete refund in 10 days.

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Snake Zebra Design—Printed Plastic can be used on either side. Gives snappy distinctive dress up appearance. Front & Rear Set only **\$298**

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Leopard Cowhide design on Printed Flexton Plastic. Leopard on one side, Cow hide on the other. Either side gives beauty to your car's seats. Never gets dirty for it cleans with a whisk of a damp cloth. Front & Rear Set **\$298**



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**MADE OF FLEXTON — SERVICE GAUGE PLASTIC
FOR LONG WEAR**

• Waterproof. Easy to attach to seats for good fit. Roomy and neat. Elastic shirring and reinforced overlap side grips insure over-all seat coverage. Will dress up your car's interior and give protection to seat upholstery. Whisk off mud, oil, sand, grime with a damp rag for bright as new appearance. Sewn with nylon thread for long wear and durability.

ORDER FROM MANUFACTURER AND SAVE!

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5 day Money Back Guarantee!

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Please send me seat covers I have marked. I can try for 10 days and return for refund of purchase price if I am not satisfied.

☐ Zebra Snake Design Reversible
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☐ I enclose payment ☐ Send C.O.D.

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Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

RUSH

ORDER TODAY!

the atomizer on the table as if it were a hot poker. Will grabbed his arm and dragged him out the side door of the house into the yard.

"Wait," Charlie protested. "I've gotta get that thing out of the house."

"Maybe you ought to bring it back where you bought it."

"They gave it to me for nothing," Charlie explained.

"No wonder!"

"Now let's use our heads," said Charlie. "It's a perfectly harmless gadget unless you happen to squirt it."

"You be sure and convince your mom how harmless it is when she gets back and finds her stove took off. You sure dug up a birthday present that went off with a bang."

"Now, you listen to me," said Charlie thoughtfully. "Don't say a word to anyone about this."

"That'll be easy. You think I want people saying I'm light-headed?"

"Stand guard here and don't let anyone in the house, not even my mother. I should be back anyway before she gets home."

"Suppose you don't?"

"Well, tell her you're not feeling good. Don't let her do anything but run and get your mother maybe. I've got a hunch that no one ought to be in our place until I make an important phone call. Savvy?"

Will saluted and started to march up and down as if he was really on duty.

In a few minutes Charlie returned.

"We're gonna have some mighty important visitors," he announced, and before he had time to add any details, Will nudged him.

"Like that fellow breezing up the walk?" Will asked.

An unfamiliar figure with a long coat flapping about his fast-moving legs sprinted down the driveway.

"Who's Charlie?" he snapped, bearing down upon the boys swiftly.

"Stall him," whispered Charlie.

Will looked puzzled, but resigned. If a stove could vanish into thin air, anything was possible.

"Charlie who?" asked Charlie innocently.

"I don't know Charlie Who, just Charlie," the fellow snapped. "Something of mine was taken by mistake from a van in front of Mike's furniture store, and the proprietor told me the address of the young man who has it." He referred to a scrap of paper with a note written on it. "This is the house number. You look like the boy the man at the store described." He stuck his long finger at Will.



"Well, how do you like that? Do I look anything like Charlie, 'Mac'?" turning his head to Charlie.

'Mac' tilted his friend's chin to a higher angle.

"Not a bit," he stated emphatically. Then, to the man who was waiting impatiently, "Really, not a bit like him."

At precisely the wrong moment, his mother appeared in the driveway with her arms filled with packages.

"Charlie!" she called. "Come here and help me, dear!"

The man's face turned red and he shouted, "I must have that bottle. It's mine!"

Suddenly Charlie sighed the welcome official cars cutting into the driveway. He signaled Will the tackle sign they used in

football practice. Down went the little man.

Charlie waved his arms frantically to the Intelligence officers closing in.

"What is happening here?" exclaimed his mother.

The squirming man in his long coat was taken in tow. A squad of officers entered the house with some complicated equipment.

"Under control!" they called out shortly.

Charlie's father was a welcome addition to the confusion at this very point. He comforted his wife and reassured her that Charlie had telephoned him after contacting the security men.

An important vial of a top secret formula had disappeared from Central laboratories. The thief had hidden out in a recently abandoned farmhouse, unaware that the furniture in it had been sold and would soon be picked up by Mike's furniture store. The thief tracked the furniture with the planted vial to Charlie.

"All I needed to convince me that something was peculiar was that *pouf* . . . there-went-the-stove routine," Charlie explained.

"Smart kids," said the security officer. "Used their heads in keeping people out of the house. All's clear in there now. There's a reward, by the way, Ma'am, to cover more than a new stove for you as well as something to give these boys a healthy start in life."

"What a combination," Will whistled. "Your brains and my brawn. By the way, Happy Birthday, Mrs. Smith!"

"Now how did he know it was my birthday?" asked Charlie's mother.

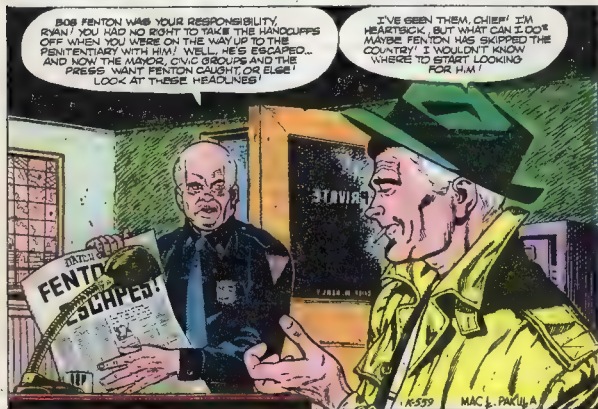
"That's part of the long story," grinned Charlie. "How about celebrating?"

"Well, since you got rid of the stove," said his mother, "we'll have to have dinner out."

"Sounds like a woman's trick to me," said Mr. Smith, winking at the boys.

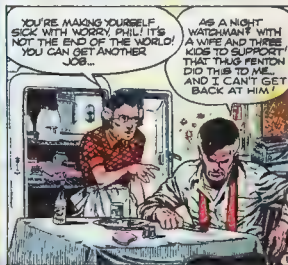
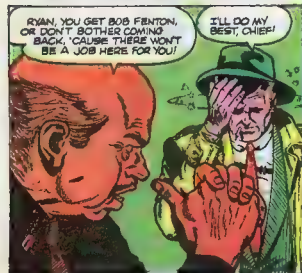
THROUGH THE DARKNESS OF HIS DESPAIR, DETECTIVE PHIL RYAN HEARD THE VOICE CALLING. A STRANGE, CLEAR VOICE, WHOSE WORDS MEANT THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN FREEDOM OR IMPRISONMENT FOR A DESPERATE, FUGITIVE, AND LIFE OR DEATH FOR A VERY SICK OFFICER OF THE LAW!

FEAR *follows* FENTON



CHIEF WALTER HEALY'S EYES TOOK ON THE GLINT OF STEEL! HIS VOICE WAS COLD AND HARD...

DORIS RYAN KNEW THERE WAS SOMETHING WRONG WITH HER HUSBAND THE MOMENT HE WALKED IN THE DOOR! HE TOLD HER HOW THINGS STOOD...



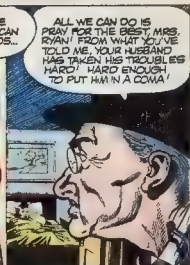


KEEP TRYING TO GET HIM, DEAR!
A BREAK MAY COME...SOMEBODY
MAY TALK, AND...OH, PHIL!

THE FAMILY DOCTOR CAME QUICKLY AT DORIS RYAN'S
FRANTIC PHONE CALL...



THERE MUST BE
SOMETHING WE CAN
DO, DR. EDWARDS...



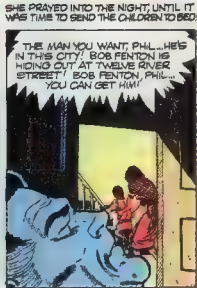
ALL WE CAN DO IS
PRAY FOR THE BEST, MRS.
RYAN! FROM WHAT YOU'VE
TOLD ME, YOUR HUSBAND
HAS TAKEN HIS TROUBLES
HARD! HARD ENOUGH
TO PUT HIM IN A COMA!



NO, PHIL...THIS CAN'T
HAPPEN TO US! DR. EDWARDS
SAID ALL I CAN DO IS PRAY!
WELL, I WILL PRAY, PHIL!



HEAR ME, PHIL...
I CAN HELP YOU!



THE MAN YOU WANT, PHIL...HE'S
IN THIS CITY! BOB FENTON IS
HIDING OUT AT TWELVE RIVER
STREET! BOB FENTON, PHIL...
YOU CAN GET HIM!

DORIS SAT NEAR THE BEDSIDE, KEEPING HER LONELY,
PRAYERFUL VIGIL UNTIL SLEEP OVERTOOK HER! SHE DIDN'T
HEAR HER HUSBAND RISE FROM BED! SHE DIDN'T SEE
HIM DRESS AND LEAVE THE HOUSE...

IN A THIRD-FLOOR TENEMENT FLAT AT TWELVE RIVER
STREET, A VICIOUS CRIMINAL, BOB FENTON, KEPT
ANOTHER KIND OF VIGIL...THE VIGIL OF THE HUNTED...

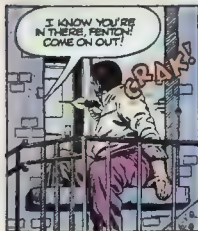


TWELVE RIVER STREET!
I'M COMING AFTER YOU,
BOB FENTON...I'M GOING
TO GET YOU!



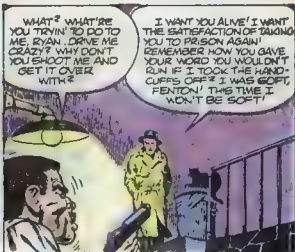
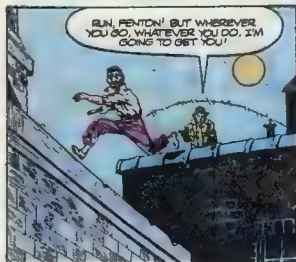
RYAN! HOW COULD HE
KNOW WHERE TO FIND
ME? NOBODY KNOWS
I'M HERE...NOBODY!

FENTON SAW THE DETECTIVE CROSS THE STREET! HE LISTENED FOR THE CREAK OF OLD BOARDS, AS RYAN MOUNTED THE STAIRS, BUT HEARD NOTHING TILL THE HUNTER'S VOICE CAME FROM OUTSIDE HIS DOOR...



THE PANIC! CRIMINAL SUDDENLY MADE A DESPERATE BREAK...

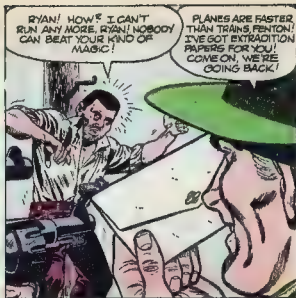
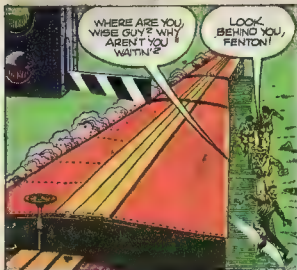
FEAR FOLLOWED FENTON EVERY STEP OF THE WAY, AS HE CROSSED SEVERAL MORE ROOFTOPS! HE WENT DOWN THROUGH ONE TENEMENT, THROUGH THE CELLAR...



THE FUGITIVE RAN ALL THE WAY TO THE FREIGHT YARDS!

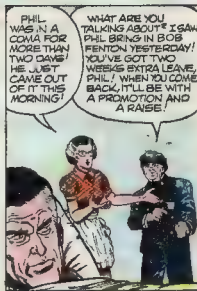
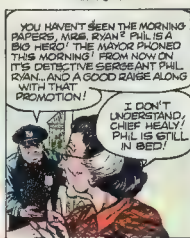


THE FREIGHT TRAIN ARRIVED IN DETROIT AT 10:00 A.M.
NEXT MORNING...

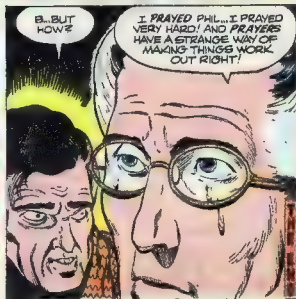
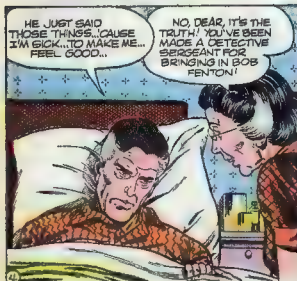


THERE WAS NO NEED TO HANDCUFF BOB FENTON ON THE RETURN TRIP! THE PRISONER WAS THOROUGHLY LIKED, HIS SPIRIT BROKEN...

NEXT MORNING, WHEN DETECTIVE PHIL RYAN FAILED TO TURN UP AT HEADQUARTERS, A VERY HAPPY AND EXCITED POLICE CHIEF HURRIED TO HIS HOME...



THE PUZZLED POLICE CHIEF LEFT!



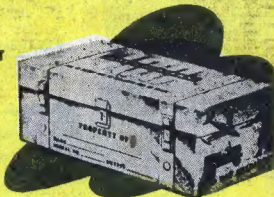


100 Toy Soldiers \$1.25

100 TOY SOLDIERS, MADE OF DURABLE PLASTIC,
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| 4 Sailors | 4 Trucks |
| 4 Riflemen | 8 Jet Planes |
| 8 Machinegunners | 8 Cannon |
| 8 Sharpshooters | 4 Bazookamen |
| 4 Infantrymen | 4 Marksmen |

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1472 Broadway
New York 36, N.Y. NO
HERE'S MY \$1.25 ! C.O.D.'s
Rush the TOY SOLDIERS TO ME!

Name

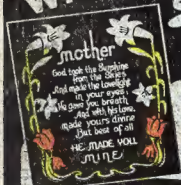
Address

City State

Canada and foreign orders send \$1.50 postal money order.

DO YOU WANT SPENDING MONEY?

Sell these popular Patriotic and Religious Mottoes



WRITE
FOR COMPLETE
DETAILS
TO ➡

SEND US NO MONEY IN ADVANCE

Just write and ask us to send you 40 of these beautiful glittering mottoes which the public likes so well. Sell them easily and quickly to your friends and neighbors for only 35¢ each. At the end of 14 days send back, if you wish, all mottoes you have not sold, and send us only 25¢ for each you have sold. You keep all the rest of the money.

IF YOU SELL 25, YOU KEEP \$2.⁵⁰

IF YOU SELL 30, YOU KEEP \$3.⁰⁰

IF YOU SELL ALL 40 YOU KEEP \$4.⁰⁰

REMEMBER:

No money is needed in advance. You take no risks. You can return all the mottoes you do not sell. You do not pay shipping costs or split your commission. You keep all the profit on each sale.



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*Check local laws before ordering this prize

You can have any one of these wonderful prizes (shown above) at absolutely no cost to you. They are given without cost for selling just one 30-pack order of American Christmas Cards at 25c a pack. Each pack contains 5 cards and envelopes. Our big prize book sent with your first order of cards shows over 80 No Cost prizes to choose from. Amazingly easy; all you do is mail the coupon, sell your cards, get your prize.

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Everybody wants these new colorful, high-quality Christmas Cards—they've been sold from coast to coast for 38 years. You'll sell them quickly to your family, friends and neighbors. Many boys and girls sell their cards in one day and get their prize at once. You can, too.

SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU

Paste coupon on postcard or mail in envelope. Send no money. Your colorful cards and free prize book will be mailed to you at once. American Specialty Company, Dept. 8, Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Our 38th Year

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